The Myrtle.

"INSTEAD OF THE BRIER SHALL COME UP THE MYRTLE TREE." ISA. LV. 13

UNIVERSALIST PUBLISHING HOUSE.

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What Think Ye of Christ.

[We publish the following, the authorship of which we do not know, because it is admirably adapted to recitation in concerts.]

A painter once, possessed of fair renown,
Which meaner artists might have well sufficed,
Sought for one nobler laurel for his crown,
And straight resolved that he would paint a Christ.
And days to months, and months to years had flown,
When, on his easel, lo! the work was done.

"But who shall judge," he said, "if right or wrong?
If this be Christ or no? My friends will say,
'Tis well; 'tis perfect. This same syren song
They've buzzed about my ears for many a day.
But flattery's tongue ne'er fails to speak amiss;
I'll have at least impartial thought on this.

"I have it!" And forthwith he called his child,
A blue-eyed girl of seven delicious years,
And showed the picture. But she proudly smiled,
And guessed — 'twas some great king! His keenest fears
Were real. His eyes grew moist. His flushed cheek paled.
The judgment told him that his work had failed.

Again he tried, and months of sturdy toil
And study gave he to his cherished theme.
He could not brook that adverse fate should foil
The darling picture of his treasured dream.
With softer color changed he tone and plan,
And saw his picture grow a lowly man.

Once more 'twas done. His little critic came
And stood before the canvas by his side.
He watched each motion with his eye aflame,
And waited, trembling, while she should decide.
At last, with reverent look, the pure-lipped child
Murmured, "*My Saviour.*" Then the artist smiled.

In some way or other the Lord will provide;
It may not be *my* way,
It may not be *thy* way;
And yet in His *own* way
"The Lord will provide."

At some time or other the Lord will provide;
It may not be *my* time,
It may not be *thy* time;
And yet in his *own* time
"The Lord will provide."

For the Myrtle.

About Going to Church.

"KATIE," said Willie Dean, one Sunday morning, "what good does it do for us to go to church? I don't remember what the minister says, can't we stay at home to-day, mother?"

"Please let us," chimed in Katie.

"I would much rather read my Sunday School book than go to church," said Willie, "and I really think it would do me more good, I should remember some of that."

"But my children," said Mrs. Dean, "I thought you liked to go to church and Sunday School."

"We do like our Sunday School," said Willie, "but we want to come home after that, and not stay to hear the sermon. I can't remember a word of it."

"If you cannot repeat one sentence of what you hear," said their mother, "you cannot help getting some good from what is said, if you take heed of the words as they fall from the pastor's lips. I recollect a story which was told to our Sunday School when I was a pupil there, and it may do you good to hear it now."

"Oh, yes!" said Katie, "we like to hear stories;" and climbing on her mother's knee,

she prepared to listen, while Willie with a smiling face stood beside her.

"I cannot relate the story precisely as it was told," said Mrs. Dean, "but the lesson conveyed will be the same. A poor English woman had charge of a piece of cloth spread on a grass-plot to whiten. She would sprinkle water upon it, and as the sun dried the water, it bleached the cloth. She had her Bible with her, and occasionally would spell out a passage of Scripture, and meditate upon it. While she was thus engaged, a gentleman came that way, and seeing a book in her hand inquired what it was. She told him it was her Bible, and that it was a great pleasure to her to hear it read and explained.

'Were you in church, yesterday?' said the gentleman.

'Yes,' said she.

'What was the text, and what did the minister say in his sermon?' said he.

'I cannot tell one word of the text or sermon,' said the woman.

'Then what good does it do for you to go to church?' said the gentleman.

'Look at this cloth!' said she. 'Can you see it grow white as the sun dries the water I sprinkle upon it?'

'No,' said he.

'So it is with my going to church," said the woman. 'Although I cannot tell one word of what was said, the *meaning* of the words sink into my soul, and cause it to grow whiter, just as the water and sun whiten this cloth.'

This story will show you, my dear children, why I think it best for you to go to church. I hope the *meaning* of the words may sink into your hearts, and help good thoughts and tender feelings to dwell there. But you, Willie, I think, shoulh be able to repeat something of what you hear; you are now nearly eight years old."

"I have tried sometimes, mother, but do not succeed very well," said Willie.

"It is said to be a great thing to listen *well*," said Mrs. Dean. "Perhaps I can give you a few hints that may help you to tell me something of what you hear to-day. Do not attempt at first, to remember the *words* of the text, but the *place* where the words may be found; then you can find the text in your Bible, when at home, and it may help you to call to mind parts of the discourse. Perhaps some little incident, or story you would call it, may be related to make plain some point,—if so, try to remember it."

"There's the bell!" said Willie.

"Yes," said his mother, "it is now time for to Sunday School, here are your books. After church we will see how well you have profited by our talk this morning. *H. H. D.*

For the Myrtle.

Grandma's Story.

FOR THE LITTLE ONES.

"Dess one more tory, Damma, fore we does to to bed; dess one, 'bout a 'ittle dirl no bidder'n me."

Grandma had been telling stories all the evening to Arrie, and her cousin Lucy, and Kadie, Arrie's little sister, had sat in Grandma's lap and listened to them all very attentively.

It was now bed-time for all the little ones, so mamma had just said. But little Kadie pleaded so earnestly "for dess one more tory 'bout a 'ittle dirl no bidder'n" herself, that mamma consented that they all might sit up to hear it. So Grandma smiled upon them and began.

"When I was a very little girl, no larger than Kadie, I was very fond of pets"—

"Why, 'ou be now, Damma," interrupted Kadie, "'ou said 'esterday I was 'our pet, and 'ou lite me lots, don't 'ou?"

"Yes indeed, I guess I do," said Grandma, kissing the little rosy ckeek.

"You must not interrupt Grandma, when she is telling a story," said mamma.

"Well, I won't any more," replied Kadie. "What's the west, Damma?"

"As I said before, I was very fond of pets, and I had a little dog named Trim, and a black and white pussy. About this time, my parents had a boy come to live with them; his name was Orlando. He was called a very bad boy, until he came to our home to live. I can remember how mother would pat him on the shoulder sometimes, and say she knew he would be a good boy now, for she should love him so much that he could not help it. Then she would smile into his dark bright eyes, and imprint a kiss on his brown cheek. Now I did not like Orlando very well, because he would speak so harsh to Trim, and tease pussy whenever he could. One day I went to mother and said:

'Mamma, I don't like Orlando a bit, he is so naughty to Trim and pussy.'

'Have you asked him to be good to them and'—

'Yes,' I replied, not waiting for her to finish her sentence, 'I scolded and scolded like everything ever so many times, but it didn't do a bit of good.'

'Was that the way you asked him? Now if my little Rena will ask him pleasantly, I know he will do as you wish. Poor Orlando! He never knew a mother's love or care, or had any one to teach him to be good until he came here.'

'I'm sorry I scolded Orlando,' I said, 'I will him good next time, and kiss him as you do.'

It was not long before father and Orlando came into dinner, the latter giving Trim a severe kick, which sent him yelping under the lounge. Father looked quickly around with a frown on his face, and would have reproved him, but before he could speak, I ran up to Orlando, and putting my arms around his neck said,

'Oh Orly! you mustn't kick Trim, 'cause I'm going to be your little sister now, and love you lots; you won't, will you?'

Orlando choked, and the tears came to his eyes, while he pressed me closely to him, and whispered, 'No I won't ever again. I'm sorry I hurt him. Come here, Trim, I'll save you a piece of my meat, and you shall have it after dinner, to pay for hurting you.'

Orlando and I always loved each other after that, and he, and Trim, and pussy, became the best of friends."

"Where is Orlando now?" inquired Arrie.

"That was your dear uncle Orly, whom you have heard so much of,—who died when you and Lucy were both babies," replied Grandma.

"What a nice story," said Lucy.

S. Frances Page.

A LITTLE girl having one day read to her teacher the first twelve verses of the fifth chapter of Matthew, he asked her to stop and tell him which of these holy tempers, said by our Lord to be blessed, she should most like to have. She paused a little, and then said, with a modest smile—

"I would rather be pure in heart."

Her teacher asked her why she chose this above all the rest.

"Sir," she said, "if I had a pure heart I should have all the other graces spoken of in the chapter."

Be good yourself, nor think another's shame
Can raise your merit, or adorn your fame.

Lord Lyttleton.

A Baby Brook.

"Tinkle-te-tinkle," it said, close to the path beside me,
A low little laughing voice, and it drew my eyes to look;
"Pattering drops of feet, now shall your rovings guide me,
Find me the pleasant places, you little love of a brook!"

"Tinkle-te-tinkle," it said, "this way into the meadow,
Over the road, and down the bank, and under the bars,
And now we loiter a minute, here in the great oak's shadow,
And look at the fields so noble, full of the daisy stars."

"Tinkle-te-tinkle," it called, and I turned wondering whither—
Then how the roguish spirit laughed in its sleeve of green!
"Follow me, follow, follow"—curving hither and thither,
Hide and seek with a bright eye glancing behind a screen.

Oh, the tiniest brook that ever threaded the grasses,
Flirting a kiss to the clover, flouting the sober grain;
That ever cried to itself, lost in the dark wood-passes,
And laughed like a child escaping into the light again!

"Tinkle-te-tinkle," it sang, under the green, green banner;
"Summer is queen, and all the world to her court comes up;
Beautiful, gracious summer is lady of all the manor,
And I am her little page that carries a silver cup.

"Tinkle-te-tinkle"—it paused, and a dainty basin filling,
Cried to its fellow-gypsy, "O bobolink! bobolink!
To June the world's delight"—and a wonderful stream of trilling
Echoed the singing water—"O sweetheart, come and drink!"

Come and drink music, truly! I know he has been already,
For all his song is the brooklet's carried up on the wing;
"Tinkle-te-tinkle," went on the sweet little voice and steady,
Only a little longer, and *I* should have learned to sing!

—Carl Spencer, in Harper's Magazine for October

An Awful Story.

There was once an awful little girl, who had an awful way of saying *awful* to everything. She lived in an awful house, in an awful street, in an awful village, which was an awful distance from every other awful place. She went to an awful school, where she had an awful teacher, who gave her awful lessons out of awful books. Every day she was so awful hungry that she ate an awful amount of food, so that she looked awful healthy. Her hat was awful small, and her feet were awful large. She went to an awful church, and her minister was an awful preacher. When she took an awful walk she climbed awful hills, and when she got awful tired she sat down under an awful tree to rest herself. In summer she found the weather awful hot, and in winter awful cold. When it didn't rain there was an awful drought, and when the awful drought was over there was an awful rain; so that this awful girl was all the time in an awful state, and if she don't get over saying "awful" about everything, I am afraid she'll come to an awful end.

For the Myrtle.

In a Coop.

Biddy, biddy, chicky, chick,
Come to breakfast — hurry quick!
Cochin big and bantam small,
Come to breakfast one and all.
See what you have here to eat,
Baked potatoes, white and sweet.

Cochin big, the whole ones brown,
They are yours to hurry down,
Take it and don't bite my thumbs, —
Bantam little, here's the crumbs.
Foolish chicks, to pick at me, —
This is better food, you see.

Cluck, cluck, cluck, — the wee ones call,
Peep, peep, peep, — yes, this is all.
Clucking, peeping, that's your way,
All the thanks you have to say.
If you could, you'd only cry
"Bring us dinner by and by."

Yet why should you thankful be,
When we will not let you free?
If 'twere I cooped up like you
I should only clamor, too.
I am free to go and run,
I should be the thankful one.

H. A. B.

For the Myrtle.

Our Fine Cousin.

OH dear!" shouted Tom, and laughed until he was red in the face and near choking, "you just should have seen our fine cousin Augustus to-day! You would have died a-laughing."

"Do people die of laughing over at your house?" said his uncle, who liked to have boys say what they meant.

"Well, you would have been half dead, anyway," said Tom. "It was the funniest thing that ever was."

"What was so funny?" said his aunt, "I'm sure I want to laugh too."

"Why, it was to see the wasps get after Gus," said Tom. "You see we were all down in the meadow mowing the second crop; and Gus, he was there with us, in his velvet jacket, and gaiters, and little round bowl of a hat, whipping every bush, as he tiptoed around, with his little whiffet of a cane. He was so full of yarns of what he'd done at the mountains, and what he'd seen at the springs, that no one had time to warn him of common dangers, or think of telling him anything he didn't know. I knew there was a wasp's nest, a whopping great one, on the hazelnut bush in the corner of the fence, but they wouldn't touch him if he let them alone."

'I tell you, boys,' he said, 'there are a great many tricks which you country fellows are not up to,' and just then he struck his cane into the hazlenut bush.

My! you should have seen them boil out! Gus threw his cane and yelled and run, with the whole cloud of them buzzing round his ears. It was mean, but we just sat down in the grass and laughed. The way Gus made tracks across that field! He didn't see either brush or mudholes, for he tore through the one and splashed into the other, but he couldn't get an inch ahead of the wasps. But he beat them all of a sudden, and in a way he didn't expect. As he struck the mud his feet slipped and he went, splash and sprawl, all over into the water. That drowned out the wasps, and cooled the stings, I've no doubt.

We all went to fish him out when we thought he'd got cool enough. But *somebody* was wicked enough to call out as he came up dripping and besmeared with mud,

'I say, Gus, there are some tricks you city fellows are not up to yet.'" *H. A. B.*

MEN's lives should be like the day, more beautiful in the evening, or like the summer, aglow with promise, and the autumn, rich with the golden sheaves where good works and deeds have ripened.

Chestnutting.

WE waked in the dusky morning,
Ronald, and Rose and I,
When the grass was crisp in the meadows,
And the stars were still in the sky;
And whispering softly together,
We crept dewn the creaking stair,
For we knew how the gusty weather,
Was shaking the chestnuts bare.

The baskets hung by the chimney,
Little and big in a row;
"I'll take the bigger, said Ronald,
"For boys are strong, you know;
I can climb a tree like a squirrel,
And gather the ripest and best;
I can carry them home on my shoulder,
And never once stop to rest."

Hurrah! how the wind was blowing,
Fresh, and frosty and keen,
As we ran with a shout through the fallow,
And the fields of stubble between;
We crossed the brook by the meadow,
We climbed the hill by the wood,
And there, in the brightening morning,
The ranks of the chestnut stood.

O, ho! the gnarly old giants!
We called them goblins of old;
The nuts were their precious jewels,
The leaves were the yellow gold.
We plundered the prickly caskets,
Unlocked by the fairy frost,
And laughed as we heaped our baskets
With treasures the goblins lost.

We have all grown old together,
Ronald, and Rose and I,
Yet oft in the autumn weather,
When the dawn is faint in the sky,
I start from my quiet dreaming,
And I think I can hear it still,
The sound of the chestnuts dropping
Far upon the windy hill.

Little Corporal.

Making the Best of It.

Little Minnie, only three years old, to amuse a homesick cousin who was visiting at her house, brought out her choicest playthings. Among these was a tiny trunk, with bands of gilt paper for straps, — a very pretty toy; but Freddy bent the lid too far back, and broke it off. He did not mean to do this; and, when he saw what he had done, he was frightened, and began to cry. Then dear little Minnie, with her own eyes full of tears, said, —

"Never mind, Freddy; just see what a cunning little cradle the top will make!"

That was certainly a great deal better than fretting. She made the best of it. — *Children's Hour.*

Help Your Teacher.

"Dear Aunt," said little Fanny one Saturday afternoon to her Aunt Mary, who was just recovering from a short illness, "do you think you shall be able to go to Sunday School to-morrow?"

"Perhaps so," replied Aunt Mary, "if you will help me after we get there."

"I help you?" said Fanny, quickly. "I don't think I can; I am too young."

"Yes, you can; and sometimes you do help me very much."

"I do? Why, Aunt, I never explain the lesson nor select library books, nor —

"Stop a moment," said Aunt Mary, "and I will tell you how you do help me. You are not only my niece, but you are one of my class; and, as the latter, when you come with your lessons well learned, when you are attentive, teachable, and gentle, then you make it easy for me to teach. It is hard work for one to try to teach a class when she sees one scholar gazing around the school, another arranging her dress, another peeping into a library book or whispering to her companion. O, how sad and disheartened I feel when my girls do so!"

"O, Aunt," said Fanny, "I have done some of those things, but I did not think that it was making it hard for you. I shall try to remember that to-morrow."

"Then," continued her aunt, "if you have your lessons well learned, the others will be more likely to learn theirs. If you are attentive and teachable, the others will be more likely to be. Now do you understand how you can help me?"

"Yes," said Fanny. "I can learn my lesson well before I go to Sabbath School, and be attentive and teachable while there. Is there any other way I can help you?"

"Yes; but let me see to-morrow if you remember what I have told you now, and if you do, I will tell you other ways."

"Well, then I will go and begin to learn my lesson this afternoon, and be quite ready for to-morrow."—*S. S. Visitor.*

CHRISTIAN graces are like perfumes; the more they are pressed, the sweeter they smell. Like stars that shine brightest in the dark; like trees that are shaken, the deeper root they take, the more fruit they bear.

From the Field.

We are glad to publish this letter and its implied appeal from our zealous friend and faithful worker, Mrs. Outlaw of N. C. Hers is the only school we have, to our knowledge, in North Carolina, and working so strenuously, so far from help and sympathy, she and her school deserve to be remembered generously by us more favored workers.

Mrs. Soule spoke warmly of her and her labors, in the ladies' meeting at the late Convention in Philadelphia, and alluded to the fact that she had appealed through the *Guiding Star*, but had had no response. Three or four ladies responded on the spot, and others said they had books which might be sent, and which we hope they will attend to. We may also explain that through the kindness of Mr. H. B. Metcalf of this city, the MYRTLE has been sent them the past year. But, as she says, the time is nearly out, and the few dollars sent by way of goodwill, will in no wise weet their wants. The ladies hope by and by to be able to attend to such needs; but they will not have the means for some time to come Are there not individuals, like those who have already heard the call, to do something for this nursling of the church that stretches its hands to us?

"As I have not written in some time, I begin to think you would like to hear from me and my little school. The school is doing very well. If we only had teachers and books! The children are all smart and appear to love to come very much. I have but very little help yet. We gave a concert the 5th Sunday in August, the first entertainment of any kind we ever had; all seemed to enjoy it very well. The children liked it so well they want another, and I send you twenty-five cents for pieces for concerts and exhibitions. Mrs. Loretta Foster, of Weare, N H., sent us nearly all the pieces we had before. Many thanks to her for her kindness. I suppose the time that is paid for for the MYRTLE will be out the first of next month. I would like very much to keep it on, but I can't do it *myself*, and I do not suppose that half the children's parents will give them anything to pay with. It takes hard teasing to get a little money to get lesson books, and that is all the kind we have. Mrs. Soule made an appeal in April to the children and friends to send my school both lesson and library books but we have not received any of either, If any one felt willing to give us any they would be thankfully received. Our nearest express office is Mount Olive, Wayne Co., N. C. I live some fourteen miles from the railroad, our mail is only weekly. So no more, only hoping to receive something nice for our concert soon. Yours, in Gospel faith,

Julia E. Outlaw.

Mattie E. Wadsworth writes from Brunswick, Missouri:

I have been trying to get some subscribers to the MYRTLE, but as there are so many Orthodox papers circulating around here I can not get any. I think it is an excellent paper, and would feel lonely without it. I wish I lived near a Universalist Sabbath School. I enclose the money for this year and next, 1871 and 1872. Will you please send me the first and second May numbers of this volume, as I wore mine out trying to get subscribers. I am desirous of having them bound, as it will make an interesting book.

The Superintendent at Bridgton, Me., writes cheering news from his field. "Yesterday," he says, "was our annual Sunday School meeting. During the past year our school has increased about fourteen per cent., and our penny contribution has doubled." He may well add, "Everything looks encouraging." They had a church remodeled last year and made as good as new at an expense of seven thousand dollars. There are several fine churches in the town, but he writes, "I would not exchange our cosy little house for any of the others." He speaks very feelingly of the loss of Rev. N. Gunnison, one of the good preachers and workers in Church and Sunday School, who has just gone to his rest.

The Secretary of our Sunday School in Terre Haute, Ind., in making a remittance for their papers, adds by way of postscript: "The MYRTLE is welcomed with delig by our little ones."

A little letter from Greenwood, Ala., signed "Flora Cain" says: "We are much pleased with the MYRTLE and think we will continue it, Please accept our best wish or its prosperity."

A Child's Monument.

Many of our young readers have heard of Gree wood Cemetery in Brooklyn, N. Y. It is one of the most beautiful and attractive "homes of the dead" in our land. In a recent visit to it with dear friends, after viewing many of the most showy and expensive monuments in that great enclosure, we came to a little gateway under pleasant shade trees, that ushered us into a quiet family burial-place. A plain low white monnment was in the center, and upon it the likeness of a sweet child wrought in the purest of marble. This inscription was upon the monument. We copied it for the readers of our child s paper. It was the tenderest and most touching of all the other inscriptions we had there seen;

"GEORGE SIDNEY CUYLER,
Aged 5.
SON OF REV. T. L. CUYLER.

He looked up at his mother and whispered, 'Does Jesus love me? What will he say when he first sees me?

All through that April Sabbath,
With head on his mother's breast,
The sweet child murmured of Jesus
Till the sun was low in the west;
Then the door of heaven opened,
That had been ajar all day,
And our darling alone could answer,
'What will Jesus say?'"

A Boy Killed by Rum.

A little French boy, only seven years of age, of Webster, Ct., was given some strong drink by the older boys, one day, and the little fellow was afterwards found by his parents asleep on the ice, but he died soon after. It is reported that the two boys stole the liquor. Such youthful depravity, with such sad results, is not often reported outside of the cities, although there is no possible reason why rum should not be as terrible a scourge in the quietest country village, as in the metropolis itself. "Strong drink is raging," and will prove fatal to boys as well as to men.

——The friends of the new and promising parish in Newtonville, organized a Sunday School on the 24th inst. It is largely composed of leading members of the parish. Such a nucleus ensures success, for the certainty of the young finding teachers of sufficient experience and culture will bring them into the school. Many Sunday Schools now prosperous began with a less encouraging prospect than this school of the pleasant and thriving village of Newtonville.

——The clergymen cost the United States $12,000,000 annualty; criminals $40,000,000; lawyers 80,000,000; intoxicating drinks $700,000,000.

Life of the Saviour.

LESSON LVII.

THE TRANSFIGURATION.

"We were eyewitnesses of his majesty."

SCRIPTURE, — Matt. xvii. 1–13. Mark ix. 2–13. Luke ix. 28–36.

Question. — In how many days after the last conversation with his disciples, did Jesus go into the mountain to be transfigured?

Answer. — Matt. xvii. 1.

Q. — Which of the apostles did he take with him?

A. — Matt. xvii. 1.

Q. — What was the appearance of the Saviour's face when he was transfigured?

A. — Matt. xvii. 5.

Q. — What was the appearance of his garments?

A. — Mark ix. 3.

Q. — Who appeared to them?

A. — Mark ix. 4.

Q. — What did Moses and Elias do?

A. — Mark ix. 4.

Q. — Of what did Moses, Elias and the Saviour talk?

A. — Luke ix. 31.

NOTE. The Jews believed that the Messiah would never die, but always be the King of the Jews. They thought the Scriptures taught this. Jesus had been preparing his apostles to learn and believe that he was to die. And the subject of his death by crucifixion in Jerusalem, was the topic of conversation between Christ and his heavenly visitors, and it seems to have been intended for the instruction of the apostles.

Q. — Did these apostles keep the vision on the mountain a secret?

A. — Mark ix. 10.

Q. — What was the secret which they discussed among themselves?

A. — Mark ix. 10.

NOTE. Believing that the Scriptures taught that Jesus was never to die, they could not comprehend what was said of his death by Jesus, Moses and Elias.

Q. — What did Peter say to Christ?

A. — Matt. xvii. 4.

NOTE. The word "tabernacle" means a tent.

Q. — What happened while Peter was speaking?

A. — Matt. xvii. 5.

Q. — What came out of the cloud?

A. — Matt. xvii. 5.

NOTE. As the apostles believed that the true Christ would never die, there was danger that they would deny that Jesus was the true Christ if he should die. Hence the need of those words of assurance, after they had heard Jesus, Moses and Elias talking of Christ's death. Indeed they did deny, for a brief period, that Jesus was the Christ because he had died. See Luke xxiv. 19–27.

Hidden Seed

Enigma.

It is a bird, and, swift of motion,
  Vies even with the eagle's wing;
It is a fish, and ploughs the ocean,
  Which ne'er hath borne a vaster thing;
It is an elephant so strong,
  His back the mighty tower's seat;
'Tis like the creeping spider throng
  Whene'er it moves its nimble feet,
And when together it hath bound
  With iron fang the earth and main,
It stands as if on solid ground,
  And braves the raging hurricane.

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